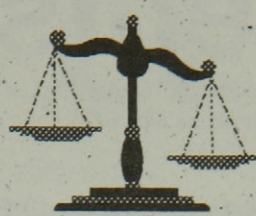




Quid Navi



Volume XV, No. 7

UNIVERSITÉ MCGILL FACULTÉ DE DROIT
MCGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW

November 21, 1994
le 21 novembre, 1994

Ce numéro est dédié à la mémoire des femmes tuées lors du massacre de l'École Polytechnique.
This issue is dedicated to the memory of the women who died in the massacre at École Polytechnique.

Don't Let Us Forget This Memory¹

Sarah Lugtig
LLB/MSW II

A young man armed with a gun enters a University of Montreal classroom. He orders the men in the room to line up along one wall and the women to line up along the other. He tells the men to leave. The women are left there, terrified, with their backs to the wall. The young man opens fire, shooting again and again until the women lie dead and injured on the floor. "Bunch of feminists!" he yells. One of the women desperately tries to reason with him, "We're not feminists. We're only women who want an education." He shoots and kills her. The young man then runs from the room randomly shooting at those who cross his path. Finally, he turns the gun on himself. His suicide ends the horrific shooting spree.

Fourteen women dead. Fourteen people injured. Hundreds traumatized. The entire country reels in shock and grief. These are the events of the tragic evening of

December 6, 1989 - the "Montreal Massacre" - "Les événements de Polytechnique".

The police find a suicide note on the body of Marc Lepine. In it he blamed feminists for ruining his life, for taking from him the traditional male advantages. "I have decided to send the feminists...to their Maker...I have decided to put an end to those viragos", he wrote.²

Each year since, the anniversary of the massacre finds men and women gathering together to mourn the victims, and, more importantly, to remember them. Moreover, December 6th has become the National Day of Action and Awareness to End Violence Against Women. We Canadians recognize that the 14 Polytechnique students and employees are neither the first nor the last women to die at the hands of a certain number of men who hate women and who blame women for all of their troubles. Marc Lepine may have been psychologically unstable but this does not belie the fact that there are a significant number of men who feel the way he

(Continued on page 11)

Violence is Criminal. And Wrong.

Karen Cheong
BCL I

I believe that when the majority of us think about violence against women we envision some uneducated Neanderthal thug (somewhat resembling Julia Robert's husband in *Sleeping with the Enemy*) who beats on his helpless wife or lover. We find comfort in imagining ourselves, mainly middle class, relatively

educated, to be outside of the realm where violence against women takes place; we have been conditioned to think that violence against women happens at a level which is based on class, education and sometimes race.

This summer, I helped to coordinate the third annual Race to End Violence Against Women. There were many things that I learned from this experience which shook the

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Announcements / Annonces

CALENDAR OF EVENTS: FORUM NATIONAL

Claude Brochu, Managing Partner of the Montreal Expos Baseball Club, Wednesday, November 23, 1994 at 12:30 p.m. in the Moot Court.

The Honourable Mr. Justice Frank Iacobucci, Supreme Court of Canada, Monday, January 16, 1995 at 12:30 p.m. in the Moot Court.

Justice Jean-Louis Baudouin, Quebec Court of Appeal, Wednesday, March 15, 1995 at 12:30 p.m. in the Moot Court.

Everyone is invited to attend.

INTERDISCIPLINARY SEMINAR ON REGULATED INDUSTRIES

Dávid Johnston, Centre for Medicine, Ethics and Law, will speak on "Canada's Information Highway: Challenges and Opportunities", Thursday, November 24, 1994 at 4:30 p.m., 3661 Peel Street, Room 106.

The Colloquium of the Quebec Society of Comparative Law/Association Québécoise de Droit Comparé, "Le Droit Transitoire", Thursday, January 19, 1995 at 9:00 a.m. in the Moot Court.

LEGAL CLINIC COURSE

All students in the Legal Clinic Course should take note of the revised schedule of compulsory meetings. Clinics have been divided into subgroups for these meetings. Check the Class Cancellation board for the date of the meeting allotted for your particular clinic. All meetings will be on a Thursday, at 4 p.m. in Room 202.

NEW YORK AND MASSACHUSETTS BAR INFORMATION

Anyone interested in taking the New York and/or Massachusetts Bars and Bar Review Course in the

summer of 1995 should contact Jon Cutler by E-mail (J_CUTLER) or phone 848-1024.

NOTES FROM THE OFFICE OF UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES...

Students graduating in February 1995 should see Christine Gervais, Room 109, re their degree audit.

Preliminary lists of students graduating in June 1995 are posted on the bulletin board in the corridor behind U.S.O. All students in their third year and in their fourth year should consult these lists for possible errors. It is especially important that third year students check for their names, as some whose names may appear will be in the National Programme and will not, therefore, expect to graduate in June 1995. All problems should be brought to the attention of Christine Gervais.

Christmas Examinations are snapping at your heels. If you are experiencing problems coping with stress or if you need someone to talk to confidentially, those great people of Law Link are there to help you - use them!

Examination information starts to appear in late October. Keep an eye on Board No. 3 outside Room 101 for up-to-date information on your examinations.

GRADUATE STUDIES:

Interested in doing graduate studies in law? If you do wish to do graduate work at another university, please contact Professor Jeremy Webber at 398-8947. If you are graduating this year, you should contact Professor Webber as soon as possible for information on scholarships for study abroad, and advice on potential destinations and sources of funds.

SUPREME COURT CLERKSHIPS 1995-96:

Students interested in applying for the position of Law

Clerk to a Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada for the 1995-96 term are reminded that the deadline for applications is February 1, 1995. Because there is an internal processing of applications within the Faculty, the effective date for completing application files will be early in January. For further information, students may contact Professor Dennis Klinck, Room 22 OCDH; phone 398-6615.

MORE NOTES FROM OUS

Professor Jordan will be on leave from the Faculty for the winter term (January-April 1995). Her section of **Business Associations 494-365B (02)** will be taught Wednesdays & Fridays, 8:00-10:00 am by Me Janice Naymark.

Me Naymark is a partner with the firm Spiegel Sohmer. For the past seven years, her practice has been of a commercial/corporate nature, focusing principally in the field of acquisitions and sales of businesses. Me Naymark also has considerable expertise in the field of minority shareholder rights and the preparation of shareholder and partnership agreements.

We realize this late change may seriously affect some students' schedules. Undergraduate Studies will be happy to help those students with scheduling problems wherever possible. We apologize for this late change.

There are still three spots open in Judge Legault's Civil Litigation & Advocacy 472-459B (01). This course is open to students in their graduating year only. Get your password from OUS.

Students are still registered in Communications Law 389-577B (01) and International Development Law 389-516B (01). Both courses have been cancelled. If you are still registered in either of these courses you should delete them via MARS.

The staff of the OUS wish all students good luck with their Christmas exams.

This is the last Quid issue for this semester...But we're anxiously awaiting your submissions for the first issue of 1995! A new year, but no new Code this time...Somehow, that takes all the fun out of New Year celebrations (not). By the way, those of you who have not yet picked up your diskettes, pick-'em up in the Quid box in the LSA office, like right now. We'll soon transfer them to the office as they are monopolizing the box.

Puisque ce numéro est le dernier de la session, l'équipe du Quid profite de l'occasion pour vous souhaiter bonne chance pour les examens, et surtout bonnes vacances! Profitez de ce temps pour écrire des articles. Il serait dommage de trop se reposer et de perdre l'habitude d'être *toujours* en train de faire quelque chose pour l'école.

Notez que vous pouvez aussi utiliser cette période des fêtes comme une session de pratique pour les Jeux Ridiqes, que nous attendons tous avec impatience depuis Janvier dernier!

Bonne Chance, Bonnes Vacances et à l'année prochaine !

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Rédacteur-en-chef/ Editor in chief:
Jay Sinha

Rédactrice Française/French Editor:
Laurence Detière

Directrice administrative/ Administrative Director:
Barbara Frederikse

Directrice de l'information/ News Director:
Alpana Garg

Rédactrice de corrections/Copy Editor:
Julie Carter

Contributors/Ceux qui ont écrit:
François Carrier, Karen Cheong, Laurence Detière, Don le Cute, Marjan Ehsassi, Sanjay Gandhi, Sarah Lugtig, George Sopel, Simon Richard, Thursday,

Rédacteur de production/Production Editor:
Don the Cute/Don le Cute
But next issue, this could be you!

Hélène et Hélène

François Carrier
BCL II

Mademoiselle Jutras,

Je résiste depuis longtemps à la tentation de vous répondre.

Je n'ai pas bronché d'un poil lorsque vous avez accusé le peuple québécois de se complaire dans la médiocrité.

J'ai supporté sans coup férir l'exposition de vos théories brinquebalantes sur la société québécoise.

Je suis resté de marbre devant le mépris, le misérabilisme et le nombrilisme que j'ai lu en filigrane de vos textes.

Mais Amora, déesse de la moutarde, m'est finalement montée au nez.

J'ai cru préférable, dans un premier temps, de chercher à vous rencontrer dans les couloirs de la Faculté, histoire de discuter en privé du constat que vous faites de la société québécoise... et je me suis ravisé. Vous avez décidé de porter le débat sur la place publique. Qu'il en soit ainsi: je vous répondrai de même.

Contrairement à certains, il m'est relativement égal que vous quittiez, temporairement ou non, le sol québécois. Chacun est libre de ses mouvements, et l'attachement au pays qui nous a vu naître est une chose très personnelle. Il est cependant dommage que vous le quittiez en l'affublant des dix plaies d'Égypte. Mais vous avez droit à votre opinion, et si je ne la partage ni la comprends, du

moins je la respecte.

Ce qui toutefois m'énervé royalement, c'est ce portrait tout aussi idyllique qu'utopique que vous dressez de l'ailleurs dont vous rêvez. Ce pays de cocagne où l'ouvrier, de retour de l'usine, prépare le repas de saumon fumé, de câpres et de caviar en écoutant la Symphonie no 3 "Liturgique" de Honegger; cet endroit merveilleux où l'on fait une étude comparée de Kierkegaard et Hegel en petit déjeuner; ce lieu où les intellectuels, poètes et philosophes reçoivent finalement les égards qui leur sont dûs. Foutaise que tout cela, si vous me le permettez.

Bien sûr que le système d'éducation québécois est plein de failles. Bien sûr que la formation fondamentale n'y est pas suffisamment valorisée. Bien sûr que le peuple québécois est plus familier avec le téléroman qu'avec le théâtre de Strindberg. Et alors? Doit-on le condamner, voire le mépriser, parce qu'il fréquente le théâtre d'été? Un peu de sérieux je vous prie. Assumons plutôt la part de responsabilité qui nous revient à tous dans la dérive de la culture.

Par ailleurs, vous vous livrez à une interprétation tendancieuse des propos de Mme Petrowski. Son analyse n'était pas condescendante. Elle était somme toute le résultat d'une réflexion sérieuse, empreinte de rigueur intellectuelle et de perspicacité: toutes choses dont vous vous faites à la fois la promotrice et la défenderesse.

De plus, il vous apparaît nécessaire d'égratigner au passage la communauté journalistique québécoise en général, et Mme Petrowski en particulier, soulignant les divers "désagréments" que vous a valu la couverture médiatique de vos opinions. A cela, ma réponse sera laconique: lorsque l'on veut jouer dans les ligues majeures, il faut en accepter les règles et en subir les conséquences. Qui sème le vent récolte la tempête.

Vous revenez dans votre conclusion sur la comparaison faite entre vous et Mario Dumont, chef de l'Action Démocratique du Québec. Mario Dumont se battra pour le Québec, et vous vous battrez pour vous. Faux. A vrai dire, la situation me paraît beaucoup plus déplorable que cela. Mario Dumont se bat peut-être pour le Québec (ou pour sa carrière politique, je n'en ai cure), mais vous refusez tout simplement de lever le petit doigt pour faire quoi que ce soit, si ce n'est acheter un aller simple pour le prochain avion en partance pour l'Europe. Vous attendez d'une société qu'elle reflète des valeurs choisies par vous comme El Dorado, tout en refusant de contribuer à son évolution. Vous voudriez vivre selon vos idées, tout en refusant de vous battre pour elles. C'est cela le pathétique dans toute cette histoire.

Bon voyage, Mademoiselle Jutras.
Au revoir. Goodbye. Auf wiedersehen.
Zaijian.

The Royal Baccarat Scandal

A "Legal" Event Not to be Missed

On November 30, the Centaur Theatre Company is holding its final dress rehearsal of the Royal Baccarat Scandal by Royce Ryton, a "true-life web of royalty, gambling and sex a hundred years ago" (David Miller, The Times). This play tells the true story of Sir William Gordon Cumming, the scandal that destroyed his reputation, and the court case that involved the personal appearance of the Prince of Wales.

The catch is that the stars of the performance, under the direction of Maurice Podbrey, are members of Montréal's legal and business communities. Cast includes Peter Blaikie (Unican Security Systems Ltd), André d'Orsonnens (Heenan Blaikie), Isabelle Paquet (Stikeman Elliot), Roger Vokev (Shaffer & Shaffer), Thomas

Schnurmacher (The Gazette) and many more...

The other catch is that you get to go for only \$25 (tickets for the December 1 and 2 performances are \$100). Join your friends at this fun-filled evening of socializing, culture and career (in that order). With your ticket, you get the thrilling performance of this court-room drama followed by a catered private reception (McGill law students and guests only). You will get to meet the influential cast and enjoy your friends looking better than they do in class! Also, as a LSA fundraising event, any money raised will be pumped right back into your student life.

So... don't pass up this great end-of-semester, pre-holiday opportunity to have fun and witness the legal community on stage. Look for tickets on sale in the Pit, at coffeehouse or contact Martin Valasek (LLB I). Hurry, just one week 'til curtain time!

EDITORIAL: The Transmogrification of the Modern World: Rambo, Bambi, and Knowledge on a Toxic Seesaw

This is my last official editorial and there are no limits. Hold on tight as we embark on a tour of global metaphors.

Transmogrification is just another word for change. I use it now because I think that the sound it makes when said aloud helps convey an idea and a feeling I wish to express. The word has a slightly grotesque or humorous flavour to it; it describes a change that is perhaps mysterious, likely distasteful, most certainly overwhelming and uncontrollable in its momentum. It is a big change, or, better put, a massive conglomeration of baby, adolescent and adult changes.

The transmogrification that I am thinking of does not entail a simple shift from one easily recognizable state of being to another. No, I am talking about a combination that adds up to the epitome of all-pervasive subtlety.

The transmogrification takes place on a toxic seesaw that moves up and down as Rambo and Bambi sit firmly on opposite ends and knowledge lounges luxuriously in the middle.

The Transmogrifiers:

Rambo

Rambo represents hard change - violence, ethnic conflict, disease, famine, poverty, overpopulation. All of these things, except overpopulation, have been around as long as humans and have always had transformative power. Their forte is the destruction of life either quickly and brutally, or slowly while chipping away at human dignity. Widespread gang-based internal warfare is a reality in places ranging from Russia to Sierra Leone to Peru. There is no difference between the killing in the former Yugoslavia and in Rwanda although one has come to be termed "ethnic cleansing" and the other "genocide". Of the more than 12 million people in the world who are HIV-positive, approximately 8 million are in Africa. Drug-resistant strains of malaria and tuberculosis are spreading fast in parts of the southern hemisphere. With famine, the problem is not so much a lack of food as it is the perennial problem of equitable

global distribution. Poverty and overpopulation, which go hand in hand, are perpetuated largely by women's lack of control over their lives.

Rambo is not very subtle in his methods. As you can tell, he spends much of his time in the developing world.

Bambi

Bambi represents soft change - the free market, international trade, global debt. The difference between our Bambi and Walt Disney's Bambi is that, despite the same cute fuzzy features, our Bambi can be just as brutal as Rambo. With the recent end of the Cold War we have witnessed free market economies popping up all over the place. Germany is now one market-based economy, but only after transferring \$330 billion (U.S.) and a lot of resentment from west to east. In Russia, the shift to the free market has been less smooth. As Boris Yeltsin shuffles his government into a shape that will implement economic reform according to his presidential decrees, most of the country struggles to survive in the midst of sky-high prices and Mafia-like private enterprise. The big new question is the future of China. As its economy booms (and Team Canada jumps on board) and incomes and population grow, the demand for food (grain) is also rising. China, however, is losing its formerly impressive capacity to feed itself as cropland is increasingly converted to non-farming uses. In the September/October issue of *Worldwatch*, Lester R. Brown argues that when one-fifth of humanity begins to turn to the world market for much of its grain it could overwhelm the capacity of exporting countries and cause world food prices to skyrocket.

The international trade frenzy has manifested itself in NAFTA and the GATT Uruguay Round's creation of the World Trade Organisation. These bodies represent a move toward a truly global free market that chips away at sovereignty-based protectionism. Here the change will probably be most noticeable at local levels as small businesses unused to global competition

in an unprotected environment will be forced to merge into conglomerates or die deaths of bankruptcy. (Hi! Welcome to Wal-Mart, er, I mean, Canada.)

In 1993, the Third World debt rose to \$1.77 trillion (U.S.). This represents about half of the yearly income of the Third World. By extracting four times as much as health care and twice as much as education from the budgets of developing countries, debt-servicing thwarts attempts to battle poverty. Structural adjustment programs of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund have tried to assist repayment but have had devastating impacts on the poorest countries due to cuts to government subsidies for food and health care.

Bambi does seem to have big round eyes, but also, unfortunately, a small heart. Bambi's time is spent primarily in the developed world.

Knowledge

Knowledge, or information as she is sometimes called, is more subtle than the other Transmogrifiers. Knowledge is a willing participant in our technological orgy. Media and education guru Neil Postman has coined the term "technopoly" in his book of the same title to describe "a culture that has made the development and exploitation of technology its central occupation. A culture that cedes to technology sovereignty over all its institutions. A culture that believes that, through technological innovation and ingenuity, paradise can be achieved." That's us, on the road to technological nirvana.

Knowledge is a powerful tool in any context. Her dissemination is becoming more widespread (read Internet) and remains largely unregulated (the issues are complex and many). Basically, state borders no longer work as boundaries to control the flow of information. In the November issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Peter F. Drucker argues that the twentieth century has witnessed a transformation in the developed free market countries where the main economic resource has shifted from

Transmogrification...

(Continued from page 4)

labour, raw materials or capital to knowledge.

You may remember that Knowledge is sitting luxuriously on the toxic seesaw between Rambo and Bambi. Knowledge has no conscience. She is unaware of the gulf she is widening between Rambo and Bambi. She is too busy feeding Bambi out of her hand.

The Setting:

The Toxic Seesaw

The toxic seesaw is where the Transmogrifiers live and attempt to breathe - our ailing physical earth, the natural global environment. The toxic seesaw goes up and down. As state borders alter or disappear through ethnic war or international trade or technological expansion the effects of these changes on the environment are largely ignored.

Depletion of resources, land degradation, species destruction, pollution... One may be under the impression that there is lots of freshwater to go around. Not so. Compare the real value of freshwater and oil in the Middle East. Between 1950 and 1993 the area of land available per person for growing grain has dropped from 0.23 hectares to 0.13 hectares. The population of ten

common duck species in North America dropped from 37 million in 1955 to 26 million in 1992 partly due to the destruction of half of all U.S. wetlands. Such wetlands are among the most productive ecosystems in the world. The release of approximately six billion tons of carbon per year from burning fossil fuels is the main source of atmospheric carbon dioxide which contributes to global climate change.

The seesaw was not always toxic. Given its age it is really only in the last few years, especially since the Transmogrifiers jumped on, that it has become aware of its age and wholly unable to take care of itself. The rust and the constant movement are just too much.

The Transmogrification:

What I have described so far involves mostly tangible visible changes by recognizable actors. These only describe one aspect of the transmogrification. In my opinion the more profound transmogrification is occurring quietly and subtly within the human mind. I think it has always been around, but only since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution has it really taken hold in a way that has global implications. In our rush to develop and mechanize and feed progress with

accomplishment we have forgotten or ignored the simple and most meaningful things in life. We have become separated from nature and have forgotten that there is more to life than materialism, money and power. We have lost sight of the basic values of humanity.

Perhaps a law school, a bastion of rational thought, is the last place to call for some sort of spiritual enlightenment. In fact, it is often the case in such a setting that once the word "spiritual" is uttered ears close left and right. Very sad. Maybe spiritual is the wrong word, but I think law schools are where there is the greatest need for such discussions. I am not talking about religion, that is personal. I am talking about pure and basic values - honesty, compassion, virtue, equality, tolerance... justice. Yes, justice. We talk about it a lot, but do we ever really know what it means, and, most importantly, do we ever really practice it? I hope so.

From what I have said in this editorial you might think I am some sort of pessimistic doomsayer or, perhaps, a spiritual flake. Actually, I am neither. I am just hopeful. I am Hopeful that we can transmogrify the transmogrifications that surround us into a creative, compassionate and just reality.

Jay Sinha

On the Eve of a Student Revolution?

Simon Richard
BCL I

As a first year student, I received so many letters over the summer to "sell" me the merits of the McGill Law Faculty that I thought I had enrolled in some kind of sweepstakes. I was particularly suspicious to receive a letter from the Student Union* (I can't recall whether it was the LSA or the SSMU) to tell me how wonderful a choice I had made in coming to McGill.

In my eyes, a Student Union is comprised of a whole bunch of left wingers who call strikes that nobody obeys or embarrass the administration, but certainly do not send propaganda on the university's behalf. At least, that is how it worked three years ago at my CEGEP, before I left to do my undergraduate degree in Toronto. Four months and a couple of LSA meetings later, I am reassured, McGill is indeed a "normal" university. Some students are revolted, the rest of them don't care.

Invariably, when a student says he is not happy and wants to change something, everybody starts wondering whether he is going too far. The November 9 LSA meeting is a

good example of this. A resolution was moved to publish the results of the course evaluations annually in the Quid. This was motivated by the fact that several Council members felt the quality of teaching at McGill was far from satisfactory.

Publishing the course evaluations, it was argued, would help students to make their choice and ultimately encourage the professors to take these evaluations more seriously. This motion gave rise to an incredibly touching debate, which would have brought tears to our professors' eyes. Everyone started to wonder whether a professor with poor evaluations would be sufficiently "thick-skinned" to survive such an outrageous affront. Not that these evaluations are meant to be confidential. In fact, they are already available on reserve at the library for anyone who cares to look at them.

A watered down motion was finally passed to publish the subversive information in a booklet which will be made "available for consultation in the LSA office". This incredible initiative will save you from having to go up to the fourth floor of the building to have access to this information. It is good to know that some people are working for us.

Students of all countries unite!

* Here at McGill, of course, we call them Student Shatners! - Don

Life in the Wild, Wild East

George Sopel

NAT IV

(on exchange in Hungary)

Greetings to all my friends at Chancellor Day!

As some of you may know, I am spending this semester as a visiting student at the Faculty of Law of the Eötvös Loránd University of Sciences in Budapest, Hungary. I will spare you the details of how this venture came about, but let me tell you that the past few months, have proven to be a truly enlightening, rewarding, and fulfilling experience (then again, as anyone who has ever been to this part of the world will attest, just getting acknowledged by a waiter in a restaurant is a fulfilling and rewarding experience).

It may well come to be that this column will become a (semi-)regular feature in the Quid. Thus, rather than recounting my tales à la P.J. O'Rourke, I will rather devote my writing to setting down some simple observations about life in the former Bloc.

This week, I would like to tell you about Gorby's buggies--the cars of Eastern Europe.

Trabant (East Germany): "Ah, how wonderful the smell, the deep, intoxicating aroma of a puttering Trabant! Putt, putt, putt; bzzz, bzzz, bzzz! The mightiest of lawnmowers cannot match the power and splendor of a sputtering Trabant!" (--Eric Honecker)

The Trabant was East Germany's answer to the Volkswagen Beetle. Cheap and evidently easy to produce, Trabants are by far the most plentiful cars in Budapest. Cheap, most Hungarians could afford one of these beauties on a year's salary in the old days (roughly \$700). In fact, some might say that the Trabant is a cuter car than its West German counterpart. And, thanks to an astonishingly poor combustion system, Trabants will generate lots and lots of work for western environmental companies for many years to come! (The Hungarian government has offered owners trade-ins for about \$500 in public transportation vouchers).

Wartburg (East Germany): The uppity Socialist's choice over the Trabant. Actually, looks like a stretch version of its sibling. Might also generate more fumes, if that's possible.

Skoda (Czechoslovakia): Very popular cars, Skodas are possibly the most western-looking cars of the Soviet Bloc. They might also be the most efficient (*caveat*: That doesn't mean much!). I have been told that Skoda once produced a sports car! When one was supposedly pointed out to me, however, it turned out to be an Opel--not the same thing, I'm afraid.

Dacia (Romania): Actually a copy of the Renault 12, built under some type of arrangement with the French company. Perhaps Dacias are the models which were rejected off the assembly line in France, just as you can get "irregular" shirts at the Polo Shop in Plattsburgh.

Lada (Russia): The best known of Eastern European cars, Ladas enjoyed rather remarkable sales in the West--even in North America--during the Gorby 80s. Still the top-selling car in Hungary, Lada seems to have made an attempt to revamp its image. Currently, Ladas look remarkably like Opels or European Fords. I'm not sure how well they rust, though. (I seem to recall having ridden in a Lada once in Montreal--don't spread it around!)

Volga (Russia): My favorite car, possibly in the world. Volgas are a hybrid combining the best features of two of the greatest American cars ever built--the '57 Chevy and the '68 Mustang. Volgas are so cool, in fact, that it seems only the top Soviet brass were allowed to drive one (or be driven around in one). While the real workers were beating around in Trabants, I bet the Apparatchiks' teenagers cruised around Red Square on Saturday nights in their dad's Volga.

Yugo (Yugoslavia): Perhaps the second-most highly exported eastern car, Yugos are conspicuous in their absence from the streets of Budapest. Maybe the wise Hungarians, anticipating the problems currently underway in Yugoslavia, tacitly masterminded sanctions years ahead of everyone else.

Mercedes, Audi, Volvo (Hungary???): Despite its size and economic health,

Hungary never actually built a car of its own. Instead, it seems that every Hungarian entrepreneur and taxi driver had to forsake history and settle for one of Western clunkers. (I've heard it said that Hungary ranks second in the world only to Germany in per capita consumption of Mercedes. From the looks of things, I believe it.) What would Kadar (Prime Minister of Hungary from 1956-89, much loved by his people after the great repression of the late 50's) say? ! !

Well, that's about all there is to say about the private transportation industry in the pre-1989 days. A roster that would have made Iacocca shiver in his boots if it weren't for artificial trade barriers. Next time, maybe I'll tell you about Central-Eastern European airlines (I've actually taken a flight on MALEV), or where to get the best *gyulas* in Budapest.

Please feel free to write to me, it gets lonely joy riding MIGs over the Ural (see ad below):

George Sopel
c/o Stikeman, Elliott
Andrássy út 100
II-1062 Budapest
HUNGARY

Tel: (36-1) 175-6659 (home); (36-1) 269-1790 (office number- leave a message if you can't reach me at home)
Fax: (36-1) 269-0655

(Ad from Europa Times, Oct 1994):

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Home Improvements

Laurence Detière
BCL II

'Tis still the season of wishes and gifts (this has nothing to do with my upcoming birthday although all my little friends should consider this not-so-subtle hint as a last minute warning...). Sitting through too many classes, especially the make-up kind during coffee house, I figured out ten important things that Santa Chancellor Day could consider giving us humble law students this upcoming holiday season besides fewer classes, more holidays, fewer readings, higher grades, and oh yeah, Law Games twice a year and Coffee House every night, and did I mention fewer classes and more holidays?

1. A thermostat for NCDH. Now I know this is a big technological leap for a small Faculty, but the arctic one day/sub-tropical the next micro-climate we're experiencing throughout the Faculty is getting a bit tough for students who must figure out every morning the upcoming day's Faculty temperature by dividing the outdoor temperature by 2, multiplying by 5, subtracting 3, then adding the average room temperature of room 102 from the last 5 days, then subtracting the cumulative temperature of room 201 for the last three days, then adding the current temperature of the Moot Court, subtracting the time the elevator takes to get from the basement to the fourth floor when you're in a rush, and subtracting the number of E-mail messages you expect to get in the upcoming week. And *that* little calculation every morning, explains why over half the students are late for their 8 o'clock classes wearing the right thing, but for the wrong indoor temperature.

2. Fewer 8 o'clock classes. I must admit it was quite a shock when *two* classes were rescheduled at 8 o'clock on Monday in the Winter term. But it was *not* a relief when one of the conflicting classes was rescheduled to two *other* 8 a.m. slots. I didn't even know there were that many 8 o'clocks in one week. Four 8 a.m. classes a week is a little too much for us night owls to endure. Come to think of it, it's a little much for most humans to endure. Then again, knowing this schedule, I can already predict where I *won't* be the

Monday morning after Law Games. Or the Tuesday, or....

3. Coffee House another day than Thursday nights, so that it doesn't conflict so much with Common Law Property make-ups. Or Tax for that matter.

4. A wooden elevated path to Thomson House. *Not* from the Faculty, but along T. House itself. I realize that first-years think the actual brick walkway, you know, the one right after the mud puddle, seems fine, but whoa!, wait till spring! You need to carry flares with you in case you get stuck in the mud. The path is flooded and the surrounding mix of slush and mud is not too alluring either (hmmm, muddy water or watery mud?).

5. Whoever took those two really nice and really new chairs from the pool room could return them now in the spirit of equal opportunity. It would give the opportunity to more dishonest people to steal from the student body.

6. Now here's a novelty: bigger lockers. Now, I realize we are located in tight quarters, and that there are already lockers everywhere, and that not everyone should be trying to store hockey equipment in their lockers. But, one must remember that this is law school. And law school means books. And books mean things like the Income Tax Act (sorry ain't gonna quote it properly, that's my rebellious post-factum mode) are thicker than most lockers are wide, AND, the top part of *my* locker doesn't close. Not to mention that my purple backpack doesn't fit in either.

7. A "stop" mode on Profs that aspire to be the Energizer bunny. While they're wearing Energizer batteries, and just keep going and going and going, at warp speed, through breaks, through the scheduled end of class, and right through Coffee House, the remainder of the class (that is, not the Common Law Property kind, which is in fact the remainder that isn't at Coffee House but instead is still trying to figure out exactly how many more people we'll have to kill off to figure out if and who will vest) is merely

plugged into the copper-top, or the rechargeable kind which hasn't been charged yet, and can't quite keep up with the professor. Well, if Forrest Gump were teaching, we could yell "Stop!", but it seems that at NCDH, there's a full year course outline to finish by December.

8. Re. Jody's Talk of last week. Moot Court does suck. Shall we remodel it *again*? The current version of Moot Court is actually like a charter flight. (Ed: *Don't worry, Professor Scott. This has nothing to do with the other Charter.*) The seats are too close together, your neighbor's elbows are like invaders from Mars (and I mean McGill's Automated Registration System, not the planet, although right around registration, you know, at 5:55 a.m. when your class is only at 11:30, I get the two confused), there is no leg room, nowhere to put your bag (see #6), the seats are uncomfortable, there are only two temperatures, too hot or too cold (see #1), the movie is often boring and the flight is always too long....and as exams come up, you have to get ready for a crash landing, without a life jacket (i.e. there are no course summaries under the seat).

9. Would it be possible to have an Income Tax Act in normal English? Or at least a diagram per section to lead us through the maze of exceptions. Then again, at least now I see where the LSAT gets its problems from - they are actually simplified versions of some sections of the ITA. And how many exceptions can be bunched up together? Too many, I tell you. I think that Common Law Property principle should be brought into the ITA to simplify it. Something like: exceptions after an exception to an exception of a special rule is void at real world law. Equity would make the whole Act void for uncertainty anyway.

10. More time before exams.

N.B. No, I am not obsessed with Common Law Property. It's just that it seems to be taking over my life, euh, I mean Coffee House, same thing! Oh! And Jennifer Good, we're impatiently waiting for your first submission.

When You See Him...

"Letters we get letters we get stacks and stacks of letters..."

-- Viewer mail theme from Late Night with David Letterman

Well it's the last *Jodytalk* of the semester and I thought that I'd dip into my voluminous fan mail and answer a couple of letters.

Dear Jody,

I can't stand it anymore! I'm not a law student, but I have the misfortune of dating one. From mid November until early December he walks around in a daze. Whenever I go to his house around this time all he has to eat are Spaghetti-O's and cereal. Anytime I ask him to do something that could take more than five minutes he breaks out in a cold sweat and mumbles incoherently about *BNC v. Houle*. When I actually coax him out of the house he is constantly glancing at his watch, waiting until he can go and study. Whenever I confront him with the fact that he's not dealing with himself all he can say is that I don't understand the pressure of law school. I've read your column and you seem like a relatively maladjusted individual, who likes to drink beer. What's the skinny on this law school thing and what can I do to get the man I love 2/3 of the semester behave like a normal human being for the other 3d?

Signed,

The Law Widow.

Dear L.W.

I see your point. From an outsider's view, law students may seem incoherent, aloof and manic. Rest assured this is how we view our professors here at The Faculty. Law school is a little like an initiation into a club. Your predecessors suffered endless toil, degradation and humiliation, which with hindsight didn't seem all that necessary. However, instead of being sensible people and sparing the poor souls that follow from the same miserable fate, they perpetuate the same obscene rituals because they went through it. Half the time they don't even put their summaries on pubdocs. That's the bad news L.W. The good news is that it gets better. Soon enough your friend will get the hang of it, kind of like knowing that the door to the Faculty is a push to get in and a pull to get out. The only cure is time and experience. How will you know when you've gotten there? Well, if next semester around mid March your friend offers to cook you dinner and take you out to a movie you'll know that you've made it. Until that the occasional hug now and again will do wonders.

Dear Jody,

I don't get it. All you rant and rave about is how crappy parallel citation is and how cool Coffee House and Law Games are. Parallel citation is a necessary tool for serious legal scholarship. On the other hand, Coffee House and Law Games are just frivolous uses of time, purely social events with no

academic value. What are you in law school to do, study or socialize?

Sincerely,
Turbo Keener.

Dear T.K.

You're absolutely right! You don't get it. *Res ipsa loquitur*.

Dear Jody,

As a fellow inmate of the Moot Court I really want to sympathize with you. I too have to live in the Moot Court for three hours on Tuesday and Thursday. Additionally, I have Judicial Review sandwiched in between. Therefore, I have classes from 10:00AM until 2:30PM. As a result, I don't have any time to eat my lunch. I try to jet down to the cafeteria and get a quick bite, but the line is always sooooo long. It's hard enough trying to concentrate on Special K when I don't have a headache from not eating all day, but when I skip lunch it's mission impossible. How do you manage to do it?

Signed,

The Hungry Heifer.

Dear H.H.,

I think I hear you knocking and I think I hear you coming and I'm sitting in the Moot Court with munchies too! Even if you manage to brave the line and get a lunch from the cafeteria, by the time you get to the Moot Court it's so packed that you can't find a seat near the aisle. Furthermore, if you think that balancing a Civil Code, casebook, and a Turbo-tasse of coffee is tough on 80 square centimeters, try juggling today's "mystery meat" special as well. So, in the words of a former governor from a backwater southern state who is at least as unpopular during this term as President as the last former governor from a backwater southern state was, "I feel your pain."

However, there are a couple of things that you can do to remedy the problem:

1. **Eat during Judicial Review.** You have much more desk space on which to set out your lunch. I would stick to sandwiches though. This leaves your hand free to scribble down notes in case I say something worth quoting (this is rare, but does happen from time to time).
2. **Sit on the carpeted steps in the Moot Court.** There's plenty of room in the Moot Court if you don't want to sit in the seats, and seeing as how uncomfortable they are who would. The carpeted steps are a nice, flat surface. You can bring a picnic blanket and spread your Code, lunch, casebook, and Commentaries on the Code out. Don't worry about bringing food that you need two hands to eat with. Most of the stuff that goes on in class is so confusing you won't be able to get it down right anyway.
3. **Moot Court Luncheon Buffet.** The Faculty could rip out the seats and install cabaret style tables. This would leave the back wall open for a Chinese-style buffet. The Faculty could include the buffet in the price for the Special K class. I guarantee any class, no matter how confusing, is infinitely better when you serve free Chinese food.

(Continued on page 9)

Call Him Thursday

(Continued from page 8)

Dear Jody,

I just thought you should know that I read *Jodytalk* all the time. I think you're the greatest thing to hit law school since *Stare decisis* and Coffee House. Every week (or whenever the *Quid* is being published nowadays) before reading your column I prepare by reciting the Jodytalk oath.

"I do solemnly swear to read *Jodytalk* in the *Quid Novi*, to whine and complain about parallel citation and all other

useless academic requirements, to attend Coffee House every single week for the rest of my life!" Keep up the good work!
Signed,
Your Biggest Fan!

Dear Mom,
Thanks!

Jody Berkes is a third year law student whose biggest fan always has been and always will be his mother. Letters can be sent to him in care of the Quid or put in the slots in locker number 44 Area 7. His column appears weekly or whenever they decide to publish the Quid Novi. (Eds. Note: Now wouldn't it be nice if it just published itself?)

Sanjay's First Submission

Sanjay Gandhi

LLB III

(on exchange at the University of New South Wales, Australia)

Hola! I have been getting extreme amounts of flack from Tom and Jo for not sending an article to the *Quid* so I have been forced at gunpoint to send something in. You should know however, that while they follow the mundane life of law students in the daily routine (e.g., going to classes, handing in assignments on time, showering) I have led the erstwhile existence of an exchange student! It rocks! This includes creating your own vacations during the school year and going down the coast for weeks on end. The only catch however, is that they take attendance in the classes and if you don't show up for 80% you fail. BUT, I'm figuring they won't enforce these rules and create a potentially explosive international incident. Anyway, there are some things to know about Australia. Contrarily to what I was told, there are no courses offered at the beach, although the surf is about a 5 minute walk away and makes for a great alternative to going to school. Australians can drink, and it embodies their very soul. I went to the Grad breakfast recently, which began at 6:30 a.m. and basically went on until all participants had effectively passed out. Teachers were encouraged to participate and many did so. They all talk with funny accents, and I fear that I am developing

one. They love Canadians, but have great difficulty telling us apart from Americans, which is bad. Americans here are affectionately referred to as "seppos", which is short for septic tank (which rhymes with "yank"). They don't have poutine or bagels, but they do have Vegemite which is perhaps the most disgusting bread spread known to civilization, but it grows on you. I never had to check the results of the Commonwealth Games. My lovely Australian friends were kind enough to give me hourly updates on how far ahead Australia was. On the sad front, although they have here sun and surf and perhaps the friendliest and most outgoing, craziest and fun-loving people you will ever meet, they, alas, do not have Coffee House! You must keep it alive so that I can enjoy it when I get back. Lastly, I can see now why so many people come down here and never want to leave, and I myself will be staying until next July unless Professor AHY cruelly and mercilessly denies my request [but I know it won't happen]. On the negative side, I have run out of money, but thankfully I'm not above sleeping on park benches. Finally, I hope you're treating the Australians well and definitely paying them out [hassling them] about their accents! I must go now, the beach calls, I hope you're all settling in for a fine Canadian winter — Sanjay Gandhi, Down Under

DON RANTS

Doesn't the title of the story beside this one sound like one of those "Men's Magazine" titles? You know, like the article should start "I didn't know these letters were true, until one day, I went next door to borrow a cup of sugar from my two blonde Swedish stewardess neighbors, who answered the door wearing nothing but a smile..."

There. Now that I've blown the PC-meter all to hell, we'll get down to business...

I've only had a brief stint here at the *Quid*, and want you all to apply for my job, but that doesn't mean that I too can't sound off about my four biggest HATREDS about this faculty:

1. Profs who keep you until 12:30 (or 1:30, or whatever). If my class that ends at 12:30 goes right until the end, then I'm automatically late for the class that starts at 12:30. In the rest of the University, a class that ends at 12:30 actually ends at 12:25! And a class that starts at 12:30 actually starts at 12:35! That's right — an overlap period. How novel. Good thing we don't have one of those here. I guess this teaches us about billable hours: you can do two things at once.

2. Profs who read paragraph after paragraph of their cases. Especially in their second language. Tell us where it is, and we'll read it for ourselves. (Note: This does not apply to you, Professor Durnford.)

3. 90210 issue plots. I'm starting to get alcohol poisoning.

4. Running out of space just when a good rant gets started. (Although those of you unfortunate enough to have me in one of your classes may disagree.)

If Summer at a Law Firm Isn't for You, This Might Be

Marjan Ehsassi
LLB III

For those of you out there who just do not get excited with thoughts of spending your summer drafting discovery motions or spending endless hours "en tête-à-tête" with the Canadian Abridgements: THERE IS HOPE!!

One such place of refuge is the Office of Human Rights Watch, in New York. HRW was founded in 1978 with Helsinki Watch. Today, it is composed of Africa Watch, Americas Watch, Asia Watch, Helsinki Watch, Middle East Watch, the Arms Project, the Fund for Free Expression, the Prison Project, and the Women's Project. In the past decade, the organization has undergone rapid expansion and is now experiencing some growing pains. Recently, some have criticized HRW for becoming too bureaucratic, engaging in sensationalism, and ultimately jeopardizing the quality and credibility of its work. The reality is that no organization is immune from criticism and, personally, I think that these changes are inherent in growth and have been dictated more by necessity than a shift in commitment.

This past summer, I spent 4 weeks at Middle East Watch. The team of persons working at HRW is outstanding: they're interested, interesting and committed. There is intense energy and excitement in the air, people are constantly returning from fact-finding missions or leaving for missions. My first day at HRW, a team was leaving for a fact-finding mission in Bosnia. They came back 3 weeks later, utterly frustrated with the U.N. At first, U.N. forces stationed in Zagreb refused to issue visas to the group. They accused HRW of being a partisan

group (according to the U.N., HRW reports were not objective: they had been "too critical of the Serbs," they claimed, in describing them as "the main aggressors"!). I received a letter last week from a friend in Dubrovnik. He has spent the past 2 months in Bosnia-Herzegovina, on a highly controversial and potentially explosive mission. Another person I met started as a Fellow, after 3 years in a huge Wall St. firm. Shortly after she started working with Middle East Watch, because of her knowledge of Persian, Arabic and Russian, she was approached by Helsinki Watch to set up an office in Dushanbeh. She has been in Tadzhikistan for the past 5 months and is enjoying it tremendously.

Most of my time was spent in the preparation of a report (to be published in November) on the assassination of Iranian political dissidents. The project was fascinating. I was dealing with highly confidential files of persons assassinated in Turkey, the Netherlands, France, Sweden... Murders and kidnappings that had for the most part never been reported in the media. The purpose of the report was to link these killings to the present government of Iran. In an attempt to put the puzzle together, I had to go through the files, interview family members and friends of the victims, contact the local police and investigators and gather information from opposition groups in exile.

Another intern was working with the researcher on Egypt. When the crisis erupted in Egypt, HRW decided to send a mission to work on behalf of the arrested lawyers. The researcher felt that the intern should also go along since he had also been involved with the issues, so he

did. Basically, there are lots of exciting opportunities. If you're at the right place at the right time, and you happen to have the qualifications they are seeking; you could get real lucky!!!

You might be thinking that I'm just painting too pretty a picture. Well, there is one little (?) problem: the interns are not paid. HRW has one paid internship each summer, but even that is far from enough to be able to survive in New York. It pays \$160/week. And, needless to say, forget about saving a penny for the following year.

HRW also has a Fellowship program. Fellows work with one of the divisions for one year. As a Fellow, you monitor human rights developments in one or more countries, including on-site investigations. You spend, on average, three to four months on mission.

In short, at HRW, you feel connected to the world and to the issues you're interested in. It was a great experience, one that I would highly recommend to anyone with an interest in human rights work. The work at HRW is engaging, stimulating, challenging and rewarding (by the way, I spent the remaining 3 months working in a small firm in the Big Apple: so believe me when I say the grass is definitely not greener on the other side!!!).

I have already discussed the possibility of setting up one annual internship at HRW for McGill students, as opposed to having to go through the system *solo*. It met with great support and enthusiasm at that end. So, if you are interested in applying for a summer internship or a fellowship, or if you have questions, please let me know as soon as you can. I can be reached at 845-9747.

This Memory

(Continued from page 1)

did about women and who act on these feelings with varying degrees of violence.

Just last year Statistics Canada published the results of a comprehensive survey about violence against women in Canada³. They conducted telephone interviews with more than 12,000 adult women addressing their experiences of physical and sexual male violence in their adult lives. Violence was defined as the broad range of behaviours that fall within the definitions of physical and/or sexual assault under the *Criminal Code of Canada*.

The results were staggering! One half of all women had experienced violence in their adult lives! Almost one half of women reported violence by men known to them. One quarter of the respondents had experienced violence at the hands of a current or past marital or common-law partner. Ten per cent of the women surveyed had experienced violence in the twelve months preceding the interview.

It is not surprising that the rate and scope of violence are far greater than anyone expected. The survey results showed that only 14% of the violent incidents were reported to police. Of those incidents that were reported, only one third resulted in a charge being laid and just one fifth of the offenders appeared in court. If you do the math you find that only 3% of the incidents resulted in the offender appearing in court. We are faced here with a problem that is mammoth yet all but invisible.

The unique nature of the problem requires an approach that examines violence against women as distinct from the general issue of violence in society. The following distinctive factors must be considered in any analysis and solution to the problem. 1) The scope of male violence against women is so great. 2) Women are suffering most at the hands of their intimates. 3) Until very

recently, women have had limited access to the justice system, in particular for violent offenses perpetrated by their spouses. 4) Women have unequal access to economic and other resources which are necessary if they wish to leave a violent partner. 5) Women are socialized to feel responsible for maintaining family relationships and meeting the emotional needs of others. 6) Women have been blamed at a community and social level for the violence that they have suffered. Many women still report shame as a key factor that keeps them from leaving a violent spouse or reporting a sexual assault.

Given the above features of the problem, the traditional legal response to victims of violence by strangers simply does not provide the necessary protection for women. Things are changing, however. This summer, while in Manitoba, I worked as a volunteer on a legal handbook for women leaving abusive partners. I learned that the response by police to calls involving violence had greatly improved. Women were encouraged by police and lawyers to request bail conditions that were appropriate to their particular situation. These requests were consistently honoured by the courts. In fact, lawyers and judges were much more aware of the issues facing women who had experienced violence. The "zero tolerance" policy on charging offenders and the special Family Violence Court, two initiatives by the Manitoba justice system to address the distinct issue of Violence against Women, have no doubt encouraged more informed and sensitive responses on the part of the legal profession.

As lawyers we have a responsibility to be part of the solution rather than part of the problem. We need to examine our own beliefs about violence against women and determine whether they will affect how we provide services to women clients. We must remember that the legal system is a difficult one for non-legal people to understand. This confusion will be compounded for a woman who is suffering the physical and emotional

effects of her victimization. We have a responsibility to know about the system of social and legal services that exists in our community to help these women and to work cooperatively with the various service providers. Our duty is to ensure that the woman accesses those legal protections which are available to her. Also keep in mind that any contact between the woman and her aggressor will be a source of fear and danger for the woman. Unnecessary meetings between them must be prevented and necessary safety precautions must be taken. Most important, we must see the violence when it is before us!!!! Violence against women has flourished in the context of silence and denial. Unless we are open to hearing about and recognizing the violence, we are part of the problem, we are part of a wall of ignorance and indifference that has typically faced women in their search for justice and protection.

The memory of the young women who died at L'École Polytechnique is thus all important. We must continue to remember and honour them, no matter how painful the memory. Otherwise, the mammoth problem of misogynist violence of which they were the tragic victims will remain forever hidden.

There are many ways in which we can observe December 6th. At McGill, students and faculty can attend a ceremony sponsored by the Women's Union. The time and place will be posted in the Faculty. We can ask the professor of our morning class on December 6th to observe a moment of silence at 11 a.m. Dean Toope has sent a letter to all faculty letting them know that students will be asking them to do this and encouraging them to honour these requests. In so doing we will be joined by people at schools and workplaces across the city.

We can wear a white ribbon, to symbolize our memory of the 14 women who were killed and our concern about violence against women. Women and the Law will be organizing distribution of ribbons in the faculty in the first days of December. If you would like to hand

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This Memory

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out ribbons, sign up at the Women and the Law space on the bulletin board across from the pool room.

We can also observe this day in other ways. We can talk about the issue with friends or family. We can read about the problem. We can challenge a

sexist or misogynist comment. We can listen to a song. We can light a candle. It is not how we observe the day that is important but rather that we take the opportunity to do so.

"Don't let us lose this memory."

1. From the song "This Memory" by the Wyrd Sisters. In it they sing about the Montreal Massacre.

2. The text of Marc Lépine's suicide letter and the description of the events were drawn from a book which is available in McLennan library in English and French. It is called *The Montreal Massacre or Polytechnique, 6 décembre* [Louise Malette and Marie Chalouh, eds., Marlene Wildeman, English translation, (gynergy books: Charlottetown, 1991)].

3. Statistics Canada, "The Violence Against Women Survey", *The Daily*, November 18, 1993.

Violence Wrong

(Continued from page 1)

foundations of what I believed. One of those things is that most people in the corporate and the legal world do not want to acknowledge the fact that this is NOT a class- or education-based phenomenon. Poor and/or ignorant men do not have exclusive rights on beating their wives and lovers. I met some women from Upper Westmount (that's the local snazzy area for those of you who are not familiar with Montreal) who have every material good in the world. They do charity work, they have perfectly buffed nails and they have impeccably coifed do's. Their husbands are lawyers, doctors, businessmen-people of power. What these women all have in common is the fact that their husbands beat them because they believe they have the right to do so. They do pay for everything after all. As long as there are no bruises on the arms and face, who is going to know? Besides, this is a private domestic issue. There is right of ownership over an object/person whose maintenance they pay for. Therefore they can do with it or them as they like. This concept of right of ownership is not restricted to class nor race.

I also learned another interesting fact. Women don't necessarily want to help other women. I was shocked at the resistance and occasional hostility that I got from some women. I really believed that it would be from men. It blew me away that some women were being as difficult (and obnoxious) as possible

when it came to helping us and many men were incredibly supportive. Perhaps this reflects my own bias. I have always known there were men who believed in ending violence against women. (So, when women's groups exclude them, it ticks me off royally. That's called sexism). I just did not know that there were so many women who did not want to be associated with a vocal women's group. There are two possible reasons for their aversion. One is that they want to distance themselves as much as possible from anything that may be construed as threatening by male superiors, the other is that they do not want to participate in what they think is yet another group which screeches "We are victims!" Mostly, we were met with apathy from both sexes. This frustrated me almost to tears. Although these people of both genders may have passively supported our attempt to raise awareness about this issue, their apathy was almost as stifling as the hostility we encountered. Silence is apathy. Apathy results in silence. Anyone, male or female who is mute in the race to end violence against women effectively reinforces the barricade to change.

So, if you have read up to this point and have not turned the page, believing this is more of the same blahblahblah, yadayadayada about women's rights and all that other politically correct crap, you might even ask yourselves why should I care? Well, violence is more than physical. Another more insidious form of violence against women is verbal assault (linguistic violence). Forget blatant misogyny. I'm talking on the

street "Hey baby." or "Lookit that..." (followed by stare). This is an assault on my person. This type of assault is enough to disturb and upset you for the rest of the day. No one has the right to do that. Language is the essence of law. Without words, law doesn't exist. (sorry, a necessary trip back to Foundations). As soon-to-be lawyers we should recognize the power of language. Once aware of the power of language, it is our responsibility to be at the very least conscious of how and when it is used to hurt another individual, and to stop it, by vocalizing our non-acceptance of this language of violence.

As a first year law student, it surprised me to learn that the women's lobby group is going broke. Surely there are enough female lawyers out there who have the means to pay the membership fee. This is surprising and disturbing, considering they address issues that will confront all of us, whether we like it or not. For example adequate maternity leave. I do not (nor will my future husband) want to have me give birth to our child amid a stack of case files. I know that we're all busy. But are we too busy to help ourselves, each other? To quote Ani DiFranco: "Silence is violence. If more people were screaming, then I could relax." But, I can't. I won't - because I have seen from the Race to End Violence Against Women that a group of women and men who believe that things can change can work together positively to effect it. So, I hope that whenever you hear or see something that you cannot tolerate, you will let out a yelp of your own.